

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### I SEND SONNY'S CLOTHES TO KITTY

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This morning I sent this letter to Kitty:

You poor dear! I cannot tell how heartbreaking your letter was to me. It seems so unnatural that a woman should not want a child and yet every one with any sense must understand that there must be a woman here and there who doesn't—indeed cannot realize the life of a mother any more than some women have no conception of the life of an artist.

Kitty, Kitty, I am sorry for you. Someway I have always liked your frankness, even when its subject shocked me. You are not a hypocrite, Kitty, whatever else you may be, and as in my estimation a hypocrite is the worst possible human being in all the world I can forgive you much. I am sorry, too, for you, Kitty, for you can never know that superlative bliss that has been mine in the anticipation of a coming child. Nothing in this world is so wonderful. Your lover's first kiss, his frank admiration, the joyous surrender when you tell him that you will be his wife—these are nothing in comparison to the happiness that is yours if you wish for a child and expect that your wish will be gratified.

You say you want the "thrill" again. Dear girl, you should get it multiplied a thousand times.

However, Kitty dear, I'm not going to stand aside and tell you that I am any better than you. I can only say sorrowfully—yes, even with my loss—that I am happier than you.

The sum and substance of happiness is so small and made up of such little things that you poor little butterflies of women who can only enjoy the brilliant high lights miss half; besides, you are very apt to singe your wings, at least, and crawl away somewhere in the darkness that you hate to suffer and to die.

Kitty, my dear, life is not all to be

given to romantic love. It is much bigger, much grander. It contains love, but it also contains that word you hate so much, "duty," and you must believe me when I tell you that to do one's duty unselfishly makes love sweeter.

You ask me if I am content to bury all the admiration I received from my many friends in Dick's somewhat neglectful attentions. No, dear, I'm not always satisfied. I would not be human if I were. But neither is Dick satisfied with me, probably. I am sure I have been very cold and unresponsive lately, for my heart only seems one big ache where there is room for nothing else.

Now, dear, I want to tell you something. I am going to send you all of sonny's clothes for your coming baby. Poor little thing! I will like to feel that he will at least have these dainty garments that were all tenderly made for a wanted baby. Oh, Kitty, Kitty, you don't know what you are talking about. Come over and let me see if I can't make you understand.—Margie.

Now, isn't it dreadful, little book, that irresponsible Kitty is to have a baby? No, don't say it may sober her for it will not. Kitty Mairam is one of those women whose life must be given to what she calls "the lights and the laughter." She is selfish, fond of admiration and absolutely irresponsible, and yet she has always fascinated me because she has been so honest about it all.

She knows her failings and I think she married Herbert because she felt he would be an anchor that might keep her from veering with every wind that blew or beckoned.

I am sorry for that poor little mite that is coming, for to Kitty it will be only a tiny "meat dollie," to be caressed and made pretty one minute and neglected and forgotten the next.